



THE .

Cottager's Daughter.

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O TELL me, ye swains, have you seen my
Pastora,

O say have you met the sweet nymph in your way,
Transcendant as Venus, and blithe as Aurora,
From Neptune's bed rising to hail the new day;
Forlorn do I wander, and long time have sought
her,

The fairest, the rarest, for ever my theme,
A goddess in form, tho' a cottager's daughter,
That dwells on the borders of Alne's winding
stream.

Tho' lordlings so gay, and young squires have
sought her,

To link her fair hand in the conjugal chain,
Devoid of ambition, the cottager's daughter,
Convinced them their flattery and offers were
vain,

When first I beheld her, I fondly embrac'd her,
My heart did her homage, and love was my
theme,

She vow'd to be mine, the sweet cottager's daughter,
That dwells on the borders of Alne's winding
stream.

Then why thus alone does she leave me to languish
Pastora to splendour could ne'er yield her hand,
Ah! no she returns to remove my fond anguish,
'Our hearts love and truth still retain the com-
mand,

The wealth of Golconda could never have bought
For love, truth, and constancy still is her theme.
Then give me, kind heaven, the cottager's daughter,
That dwells on the borders of Alne's winding
stream.